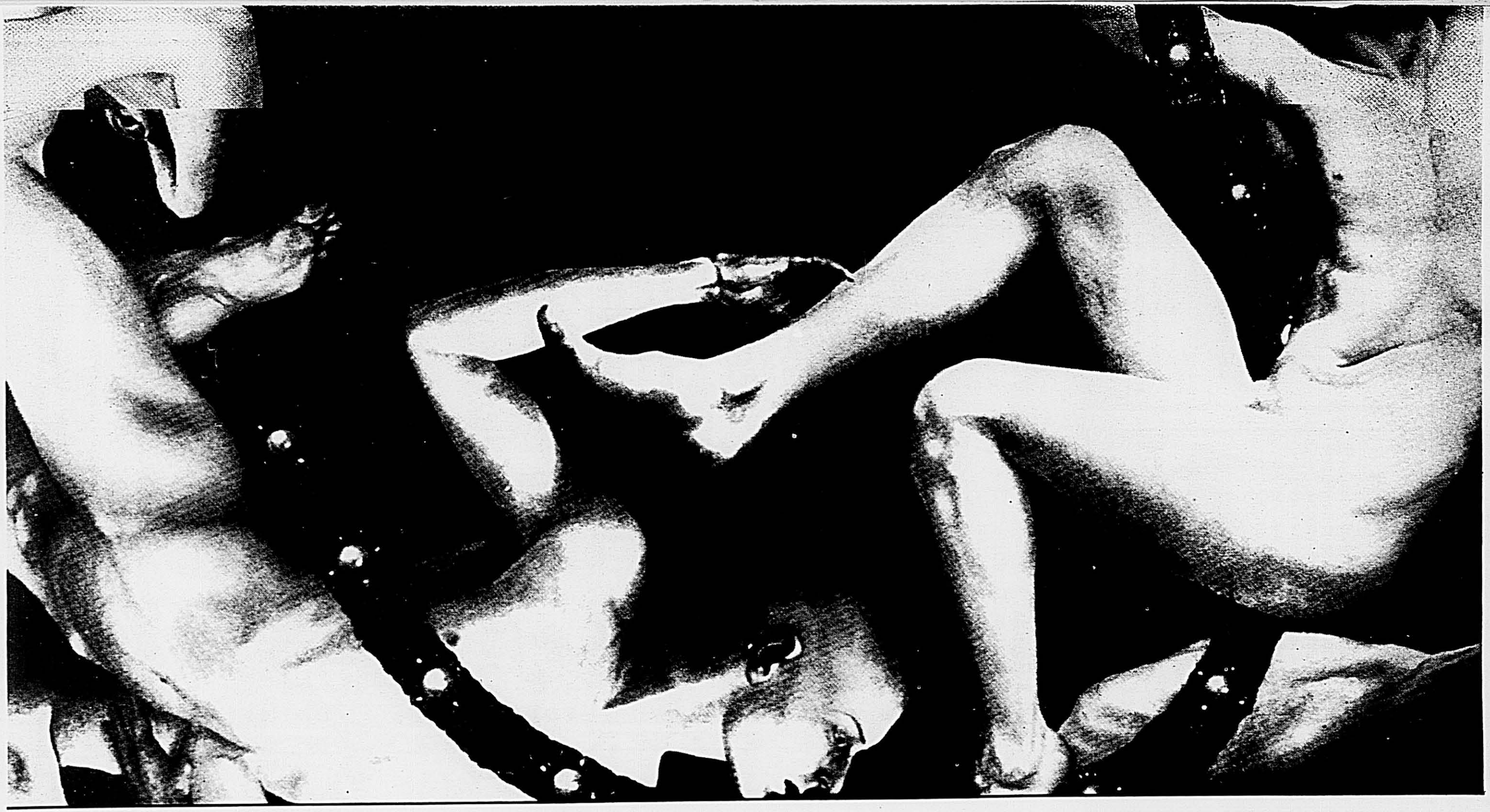

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WHY NOT TO READ THIS ISSUE

BY ALEX NATHAN SHUMATE

I realise I'm up against a tough audience. Commenting on the clean side of filthy passions in the *Daily* has got to be like Ice-T performing at the Policeman's Ball.

So I'll have to keep my religious views in tight reign — giving "God sez so" as an answer. is no better for this audience (and probably much worse) than saying"just 'cuz". I also doubt the Daily will be asking for a separate opinion from a non-religious moralist. So I feel obligated to express myself as representing those who believe in sexual morality without any religious motivation.

So then — why is sexual morality (which I'm defining as abstinence before marriage and fidelity during) important? Despite the fact that this phrase has become the laughable buzzword of the Presidential campaign, I have to say "because of family values".

I hope you can agree that a stable family unit is the basis of a stable society. Home provides the environment which forms to an almost exclusive extent the attitudes of the individual. Most of this home learning, psychologists tell us, comes not from anything that parents actively attempt to teach, but from attitudes expressed in their day-to-day actions. A home broken or scarred by the consequences of infidelity is not the ideal learning environment for the proverbial "children of tomorrow".

What about cases where infidelity doesn't actually cause divorce — where neither the husband nor the wife really cares? Some say this makes the family unit more flexible, and thus more resilient. But I would hold that by becoming more flexible, the family unit becomes weaker.

The family is not just a convenient system to care for the young of our society. The family, ideally, is the ultimate nurturing ground for all members — children *and* parents. Love should be stronger in the home than in any other setting. Home should be a refuge from other pressures, a place to charge one's emotional batteries in an atmosphere of acceptance.

This requires a great emotional commitment *to* the family. Weakening the family unit — destroying the special level of emotional shelter and trust in the home — is just as detrimental to emotional health as not having a house is to physical well-being: one can wander all day under various roofs with none to call one's own.

Assuming you've followed me so far, what about sex before marriage? It's part of the same problem. Much of the commitment of marriage, and the hook on which much of the emotional commitment to one's spouse is hung, is sex. Making love is (or can be) the most intimate human act. To honour another person by committing to share this intimate experience with him or her is one of the strongest expressions of devotion.

Sexual activity before marriage makes sex more casual, lessening the commitment to the family which is inherent in a stable marriage. There is not as much emotional obligation to be faithful once married. And then we're back into the problems already discussed.

Boiled down, the whole concept can be expressed in this one pop religious culture definition of 'sacrifice': "Giving up something good now for something better later." I figure it's the best gift I can give to my wife and kids.

And on top of that, God sez so.

Alex Nathan Shumate is a practising Mormon now living in Utah.

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MORE WORDS OF WISDOM FROM SUSIE SEXPERT

by H. Mackay

In these days of pumpkins, ghouls and human remains, the mind by its nature leans towards fantasy. But who reserves their fantasies for a one-day pagan festival? We live in them and through them from second to second. And that might be why sex keeps showing up in the best political strategies.

Susie Bright passed through most of the political fads of her day before arriving where she is now. One of America's best known sex experts, Bright has written and acted widely on issues of sexual politics.

She has lectured internationally on censorship, lesbian sex, pornography and safer sex, and conducted workshops on everything from vaginal fisting to "How to write a killer orgasm scene."

Bright spoke to the *Daily* from a small town in France. She'd just received Madonna's *Sex* in the mail, the only copy for miles and miles, and gave a little history of how we may have arrived at the point where erotic sex becomes mainstream.

She grew up when sex was becoming more available because of birth control and a dozen other reasons. The emphasis then was mainly on the physical and was not so controversial.

"Then the issue started to get closer to what happens in the mind," said Bright. As the subject of sexual fantasy became more and more compelling for particular groups of feminists, it caused "a rift" in the women's movement.

"Madonna's *Sex* is entirely fantasy," said Bright.

She said the book has not come out of nowhere. Its predecessors were the erotic fiction published alongside the feminist movement of the last three decades.

But finding a history of visual equivalents is not so easy. She said the same kind of work had been done in visual media but only with the slimmest distribution. The technology just wasn't available.

"Madonna is not an innovator, but she's a marketing innovator in a sense," said Bright. That means she sells more books than Susie does. "If you sing bubblegum pop songs..."

But Bright doesn't complain. And although she sometimes feels grouchy that so much great sex heritage is forgotten, she hurriedly absorbed all the new ideas. "I know I have an appetite for sexual intellectualism."

NICE CLONES

But more than writing and maybe more than photography or video, it's "making the imagination a three-dimensional affair" that has Bright's attention these days.

"You can rub yourself to the raw, but if you don't have a picture in your mind, you're not going to get anywhere."

Bright is optimistic that technology will make for new pleasures and allow old pleasures to carry on by new means. Technology, she said, "is not as easily harnessed as the book and movie industry have made it look. It's a very ideosyncratic world and people feel powerful about that."

When she's chastised by a woman on the street for her profuse sex interests, she said, "I don't have any more sex than she does. But I think about it more. I talk about it more."

But intellectualism has its limits. "If I'm on a campus for a while, I get itchy because I feel like I'm watching the parade instead of being in it."

Working in media, she said, often leaves little time to be reflective. It might be *nice* to have a clone who could go off and reflect and produce academic work. Bright said she didn't intend to become a career sex expert. "I was just a political activist. I wrote because I was a propagandist."

Bright is now working on *Best American Erotica*, a new series to be published yearly. She's been scouring the U.S. for good sexual fiction and has found plenty. *Frighten the Horses*, a journal out of San Francisco, is now producing what Bright calls "some of the best". And while she's not too familiar with Canadian sex writers, she'd just read something great by Ontario's Barbara Gowdy.

As always, Bright has strong opinions about porn. "The porn industry is impervious to change. The endless playboy bunny tradition just isn't going anywhere." And Hollywood only copies what's popular.

"My hope is the independent filmmakers," said Bright. Distribution has always been the problem but now, "Technology has just kicked in the door of censorship." That means that filmmakers are producing material that escapes the government rating system. "They don't fuck around with the motion picture code anymore."

Along with a new book called *How to Read a Dirty Movie*, Bright is working on a film script with Lizzy Borden.

GENDERFUCKERS

These concerns with censorship and the economics of production have grown into a general interest in current technologies. She wrote an article on virtual sex for *Elle* magazine. Is information the future? According to Bright it is, and it's extremely sexually exciting.

But within these other realities of virtual sex and computer-linked sex communities, gender hasn't disappeared. It remains and will remain for as long as we choose to fuck with it.

"Genderfuck is the free exchange and application of masculinity, femininity and androgyny between men and women," she said, putting into an easy sentence what so often seems so complex.

It means "we don't make expectations of a man because he was raised as a boy. We don't make expectations of a woman because she was raised as a girl." We create and share a certain "erotic respect" for any kind of predilection.

"A lot of what genderfuck meant for me in terms of my sense of the little things that make me happy has to do with a sense of femininity."

Bright said she used to be embarrassed by wanting to be feminine and tried to emulate butch women. But that passed when she saw that she really just wanted to sleep with butch women, not be one. Now she says she can freely enjoy "the campy side of being a girl".

But she said, "It's not about my clothes." She laughed at the classic "petticoat and combat boots" style that genderfuckers, maybe novices, have been known to use.

Bright concluded her most recent book, *Susie Bright's Sexual Reality*, with an essay she calls "BlindSexual". It's drawn a lot of attention, partly because the writing is so good, but also because the point she makes is so well known.

"To submit to lust is to declare a panic, a state of body emergency." Go on from there and you enter a shifting grid of masculinity and femininity where you'd better know your coordinates because they matter.

Ever lose your girlfriend to a man? "You feel incompetent, unable to compete, yet it makes you sick to even think of comparing yourself." It's so sad.

She leaves us in a kind of ambiguous spot in "BlindSexual". The masculine-feminine continuum really allows no other option.

"Some of my sexual attitudes are undergoing a great deal of scrutiny, partly because of being a parent." Jealousy is "not just a taboo, not just a fetish." She calls it "an enormous driving force" but one that's "got two-year-old stamped all over it.

"It's one part infantilism and one part property consciousness. What I own is what I am. It has a lot to do with the economic world."

And what about those 1970s dreams about love, in the days when even feminists were thinking, "Wouldn't that be beautiful?"

"No that wouldn't be," was Bright's answer.

In the midst of these thoughts, Bright holds on to a more or less economic analysis. What has made the twentieth century "so phenominally different" from any other epoch in history, according to Bright, is the economic emancipation of women. Freedom of sexual expression belongs to those who own (or can pirate) the technology.

You can get Susie Bright's books at L'Androgyne, 3636 St-Laurent. They cost about $14 each.

This is a test. This is only a test. Should this be an actual examination... Add up the points in brackets to reach your corruption score. Amaze your friends. Astound your relatives. Impress your neighbours. Interrogate your partner.

THE CORRUPTION TEST

Intoxication

1. Ever tried alcohol? (1)
2. Ever been drunk? (2)
3. Ever play drinking games? (2)
4. Ever fall down because you drank too much? (3)
5. Ever drink enough to throw up? (4) On yourself? (+1) On another person? (+2) On an MP? (+5)
6. Ever wake up and not remember what you did the night before? (5) Bonus: Ever wake up in another city and not remember how you got there? (+9)
7. Ever been forcibly removed from a bar? (5)
8. Ever participated in a pub crawl? (2)
9. Do you drink regularly, at least three times a week? (3) Bonus: 1 point for each additional day (max. 7 points)
10. Ever fall asleep/pass out in a bar? (4)
11. Ever fall asleep/pass out on a dance floor? (5)
12. Ever fall asleep/pass out during sex? (4)
13. When entering your favourite bar, does everyone call out your name? (6)

Illegalities

24. Ever been arrested? (6) Convicted? (+3)
25. Ever been in a riot? (5) Caused a riot? (+4)
26. Ever caused more than $1000 worth of property damage? (8)
27. Ever had to leave the country suddenly? (9)
28. Ever been considered a menace to society by a public official? (10)

Alternative recreational consumables

14. Ever try pot, hash, 'shrooms, licking toads, peyote, peanut skins, morning glory seeds, tea leaves, cough syrup, rubbing alcohol or Gravol, with the intention to get wasted? (4 each)
15. Do you do drugs regularly, at least two times a week? (6) More than four times a week? (+2)
16. Do you spend more money on drugs than food or tuition? (9)
17. Ever sold drugs? (4) To a minor? (+2)
18. Ever sold drugs to support a drug habit? (7)
19. Ever used uppers/downers? (6)
20. Ever used hallucinogens? (7)
21. Ever used crack, coke or heroin? (8)
22. Ever been stoned and/or drunk for more than 48 hours? (8)
23. Ever forgotten the events of a month or more of your life due to intoxication? (9)

Scoring Guide

0-50	**Get thee to a nunnery.**
51-100	**A score only a mother could love.**
101-150	**Owner of a Platinum Opal Frequent Flier Card**
151-200	**You've done your fair share of exploration within the realm of the senses. Carry on and remember that there is always room for enhancement.**
201-250	**There are 12 step programs for people like you. Look in to it.**
251-300	**Go straight to hell. Do not pass go.**
300+	**You're lying unless... Parizeau? — You're sick! He's engaged.**

Filthy passions

29. Ever been on a date? (1)
30. Ever been felt up, groped? (2)
31. Ever masturbated? (2) To orgasm? (+1) In front of someone else? (+3) In public? (+4)
32. Ever been masturbated? (3) To orgasm? (+1)
33. Ever masturbated while talking on the phone? (4)
34. Ever called OPAL (976-COME)? (4)
35. Ever participated in group phone sex (conference calls/speaker phones)? (5)
36. Ever watched a porno? (2) Been in a porno? (+6)
37. Ever fucked? (5)
38. How old were you when you first had sex? Under 15? (5) 15 to 18? (4) 19-21? (3) 22+? (2)
39. Ever had a one-night stand? (6) Did you sneak out the morning after? (+3)
40. Ever have a bath or shower with another person? (6)
41. Ever paid for sex? (7)
42. Ever recorded (audio or visual) a sexual act in which you participated? (answering machine messages count) (6)
43. Ever engage in oral sex? (6) To orgasm? (+1)
44. Ever engage in anal sex? (6) To orgasm? (+1)
45. Ever engage in the 69 position? (6)
46. Ever contracted an STD? (6)
47. Ever had sex without a contraceptive? (6)
48. Ever been pregnant (or made someone pregnant)? (8)
49. Do you have any body part pierced besides nose or ears? (7)
50. Ever shaved/dyed pubic hair (yours or others)? (6)
51. Ever had sex in front of other people without them suspecting? (8)
52. Ever had sex at a faculty wine & cheese? (8) With a faculty member? (+3) Were you caught? (+2)
53. Ever been so loud during sex that your neighbours complained? (7)
54. Neighbours started a petition? (+3)
55. Ever had sex with two or more partners in a week? (7)
56. Ever had sex with more than one person at the same time? (8)
57. Ever fantasised during sex about someone other than your present partner? (6)
58. Ever had sex with a virgin? (7)
59. Ever explicitly described a sexual act to your religious leader? (7)
60. Ever had sex in a public place? (5) Bonus: A church, cemetery, dance floor, public washroom or Skydome box with the curtains open (+4 each).
61. Ever had sex outside? (7)
62. Ever fucked a cop? (8) Bonus: An SQ cop? (+2)
63. Ever get carpet burns or scratch marks from fucking? (7)
64. Ever photocopied your own genitalia? (7)
65. Ever broken a major kitchen appliance during sex? (8)
66. Ever used organic substances during sex? (chocolate, cucumbers, watermelon, tofu...) (5)
67. Ever purchased and used sex toys? (7)
68. Ever licked or have had someone lick an eyeball (2), toes (2), ears (2), molars (2) or anus (3)?
69. Is Karen Finley a sexual role model for you? (7)
70. Ever practiced bondage, masochism, sadism, or semi-strangulation for enhanced sexual gratification? (8)
71. Ever finger-fucked (6), fist-fucked (9) or tit-fucked(7)?
72. Ever used small rodents (hamsters perhaps) in a sexual act? (10)
73. Ever had sex with a relative? (10)
74. Ever had sex with someone primarily because they look like you? (9)
75. Does necrophila (12), bestiality (12), or Jacques Parizeau (20) turn you on?

TRADITIONAL ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS BY ELIZABETH CALEY

Girlie 'zines: sex & the single feminist

by Rachel Giese

Marilyn leans against a rock. Her eyes are closed. The tall, thin, dreadlocked Black woman is naked except for a pair of combat boots and white shorts pulled down around her ankles.

I turn the page. More photographs of Marilyn. Showering, standing naked in a doorway, leaning up against a fence and looking seductively into the camera.

Marilyn's a single, Scorpion farmer. Her favorite part of a woman's body is "the curve of her waist" and her obsession is "girls who roll around in orchids".

Despite the Playboy style spread, Marilyn is no bunny. She's the centrefold of Blush Entertainment Corp.'s publication *On Our Backs*, the magazine for "the adventurous lesbian".

On Our Backs is part of a growing genre of sexual material made by women for women. While some feminists have been fighting to censor pornography on the basis that it degrades women, other women have been busy creating it.

"I feel my work is empowering to women. Women are in control of all the images in *Bad Attitude*. What could be more feminist than lesbians in charge of their own erotic fantasies?" asks Jasmin Sterling, publisher and editor of Bad Attitude, a lesbian sex magazine from Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Over the last decade, a battle over pornography and sexual expression has raged in lesbian and feminist communities. Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon, the recognised leaders of the anti-pornography movement, argue that pornography demeans women and is, in part, the cause and symptom of sexist oppression. Or as the slogan says, "Pornography is the theory. Rape is the practice."

Pornographers like Sterling and other pro-sex feminists challenge the attitudes of Dworkin and MacKinnon and what they perceive to be an anti-sex stand. Kay Armatage, U of T Women's Studies professor says, "I think it's good to have pornography. Sexual experience, even if vicarious or solitary is energising and empowering."

Not your everyday sex

On Our Backs and Bad Attitude, along with Britain's *Quim*, are the most popular and widely distributed lesbian sex magazines. Similar in style, they include photographs, erotic short stories, sexual advice, articles and interviews. The magazines try to provide something for everyone. Material ranges from hard-core s/m to the "Marilyn"-style cheesecake shots, exploring a whole spectrum of lesbian sexual expression. "Bad Attitude shows women having sex in ways most hets aren't even aware of," says Sterling.

When Sterling became involved in creating lesbian pornography in the late 1970s, it was because the only pornography available to her was "heterosexual fake-lesbian stuff. Two girls getting it on for a man. There was nothing for gay women."

So Sterling set out to create a new forum for women wanting access to pornography — one also to be enjoyed on special occasions

"The kind of sex in Bad Attitude is not the kind you would have everyday — it requires too much energy," she says.

Sex is the core

Susie Bright, who used to be an editor at On Our Backs, began making films not only in response to the lack of representation of women's pornography in the heterosexual press, but also to satisfy a gap she says exists in lesbian pornography.

"Other lesbian filmmakers are very concerned about projecting tenderness, love, and long-term relationships. In the Fatale videos, sex is the core, and any of the softer elements are added as part of the eroticism, not as reassurance that it's okay to be watching this video, nothing bad will happen to you," said Bright in *Mother Jones*, commenting on a line of porn videos for lesbians produced by Fatale Films, Blush Entertainment's film division.

Both the hard-core magazines and the films are recent developments, starting up in the early to mid 1980s. But the beginning of women's modern erotic literature may have started with the publication of Anaïs Nin's *Delta of Venus*. Published in the '40s, it has been enjoyed by women for its frequent depictions of sexuality from a woman's perspective.

Collections of erotica for women are now published regularly. Their themes range from the lesbian s/m anthology *Macho Sluts*, edited by Pat Califia, to *Herotica*, a collection edited by Bright containing both straight and lesbian erotica, and *Intricate Passions*, an anthology of lesbian erotica by Women of Colour, white women and women with disabilities. The Toronto-based Women's Press recently produced an anthology of lesbian erotica entitled *Getting Wet: Tales of Lesbian Seduction*.

Mainstream artists have always been quick to co-opt minorities and subcultures — Madonna has made a career out of it. After raiding gay Black and Latino culture for her "Vogue" video, the blonde ambitious one has now become an icon of female sexual power and lesbian wannabe-ism. Her video "Justify My Love" depicts lesbianism, s/m and voyeurism, challenging any critics with its closing statement, "Poor is the man whose pleasures depend on the permission of another."

Madonna's latest project is *Sex*, a 128-page book by photographer Steven Meisel. Its companion CD *Erotica* by Madonna was released last week. The book contains photographs of the singer's sexual fantasies. As Maureen Orth describes it in *Vanity Fair*, images include Madonna engaged in "fondling and sucking threesomes with two tattooed and barebreasted lesbian skinheads".

As questionable as Madonna's motives may be, she is seen by many women, both straight and lesbian, as a role model — a woman in charge of her own sexuality. As one woman argues to me, "I don't care what Madonna's reasons are for doing what she does — kissing women, masturbating on stage, shocking people. Isn't it important that someone is doing that, especially someone as important and influential as Madonna?"

Banned in Canada

This sexually explicit material, whether it's a Femme Film, a copy of On Our Backs, or the more mainstream work by Madonna, is meeting the demands of a growing number of women. Increasingly, sexual pleasure is not as laden with the guilt and the political rhetoric of the '70s. Women are enjoying the gains made by feminism, and there is a general attitude of freedom and playfulness towards sexuality.

Not everyone's attitude has changed, however. The cover of the latest issue of Bad Attitude features a dominatrix in full costume with a banner across her chest reading BANNED IN CANADA. It's true, Bad Attitude can no longer be bought in Canadian stores, and only subscribers can get this issue.

On April 30, 1992, the OPP's Project Pornography raided Glad Day, Toronto's lesbian and gay bookstore. Owner John Scythes was charged for selling obscene materials. The item in question was an issue of Bad Attitude featuring images of bondage and anal penetration.

The charge was based on a ruling made in February by the Canadian Supreme Court. Encouraged by the Legal Equality Action Fund (LEAF), a feminist law-reform organisation, the court ruled that obscenity is to be determined and defined by the threat it poses to women's equality. LEAF lawyers argued successfully in court that the freedom of speech laws which protect pornography violate women's equality by allowing the production and distribution of material that demeans women and chil-

dren. Pornography involving degradation, bondage, children and violence is considered obscene and now illegal under Section 163(2) of Canada's Criminal Code.

In an article by Michele Landsberg in the May issue of *Ms.*, LEAF lawyer and University of Calgary law prof Kathleen E. Mahoney says, "How did we do it? We showed them the porn... — and among the seized videos were some horrifically violent and degrading gay movies. We made the point that abused men in these films were being treated like women — and the judges got it. Otherwise, men can't put themselves in our shoes. Porn makes women's subordination look sexy and appealing; it doesn't threaten men's jobs, safety, rights, or credibility."

Controlling images

While some feminists have been celebrating the decision as a landmark victory for women, members of the lesbian and gay community have taken to the streets in protest of the new obscenity laws and the subsequent OPP raid at Glad Day. The bookstore has long been the target of seizures by police and customs. Many lesbians and gay men feel the new obscenity laws are being manipulated to censor lesbian and gay material while heterosexual pornography is ignored by the police.

"Targeting Bad Attitude is not about pornography. It's about an attack on gay rights...It's ridiculous for anyone to control images," says Sterling.

Kimberley Mistysyn, manager of Glad Day says the impact and influence of Bad Attitude is minimal compared to heterosexual pornography.

"We get Bad Attitude about once every two months. We sell maybe 10 copies and we don't sell to minors. The lesbian magazines we sell are created by lesbians, for lesbians. It really pisses me off that the straight women at LEAF are saying that a lesbian sex magazine is degrading to women. It's not their community and it's not their business. Using gay porn to argue their case is particularly offensive and homophobic."

For all their differences, both sides share the perception of themselves as persecuted minorities, taking a radical outlaw stand which no one can understand or appreciate. In this political climate, honest and open discussions about pornography rarely occur.

Censorship is clearly not the solution. With the new obscenity ruling, decisions regarding what constitutes pornography now lie with the state. Naively assuming that the state will only act in the best interests of its citizens, LEAF lawyers have played into the hands of conservatives on the right who look for any excuse to censor material they consider subversive.

In an atmosphere of freedom of expression however, criticisms will still need to be made. Some pornography is offensive; some of it may even be harmful and this is an argument that few anti-censorship activists seem to be willing to accept. Any critique of sexually explicit material is regarded as prudish and oppressive, hardly the attitude of tolerance anti-censorship activists lay claim to.

Strange bedfellows

These current events have reignited the sex debates of the 1980s, with both sides as polarized and entrenched as ever. The LEAF-style feminists argue that they alone are the defenders of women's rights. The anti-censorship feminists feel the way to liberation is through sex. And both groups find themselves keeping company with strange bedfellows. The conservative right have appropriated the pro-censorship feminist argument in an attempt to silence the voices of lesbians, gays, feminists, activists, and other marginalised groups. On the anti-censorship side, feminists find themselves aligned with the creators of *Hustler*, *Screw* and Nazis out to prove the Holocaust didn't exist.

In 1990, Vancouver photographer Susan Stewart, in collaboration with artists Lizard Jones and Persimmon Blackbridge toured their art show *Drawing the Line, and interactive photo event* in Canada, the United States and Australia. 100 photographs depicting lesbian sex and sexuality were hung around the room in order of least to most controversial. Women were asked to write comments and criticisms directly on the wall beside the photos. The images ranged from kissing and nuzzling, masturbation and lingerie to threesomes, leather and fisting.

Drawing the Line was one of the more intelligent and creative ways to address the issues of censorship and sexual imagery. Comments varied wildly and it was clear that no one monolithic feminist opinion on sexual expression exists. Images bored some women, offended others. Women were able to discuss each image in a safe environment, without being silenced by censors or each other,

Under one photograph of a woman's bare torso, the following was written:

-Great tits!

-If we say "great tits", aren't we just copying the patriarchal way of fetishizing bits and pieces and ignoring the woman as a whole?

-No, we're responding to a limited view of a whole woman, that invites us for a moment to focus on her tits.

-Can't we just admire her tits? Is this a crime?

Fortunately, it's not a crime, although female sexuality is often seen as criminal or taboo. Each issue of Bad Attitude contains this quote: "This magazine is called 'Bad Attitude' because that's what women who take their sexuality into their own hands (so to speak) are told they have."

Let's honour bad attitude.

A guide to she-male fucking and sucking

by Rachel Broadway

Decent transie porn is difficult to come by in this town. Far too often you find yourself looking at the dolls in the latest *Cosmo* and pretending they're boys in drag.

In moments of extreme frustration I've been known to take recourse in D.H. Lawrence — even the straightest of the straight can't miss the man's meticulous attention to the particulars of feminine frippery, right down to the ladies' unmentionables.

Another last resort is pulp sf author Jack Chalker, who's well known for the transsexual fantasy in his many novels. Still he should be avoided when possible. His prose is lousy, misogynist, racist and homophobic and not nearly juicy enough anyway. But that's the mass market — the sort of thing you're stuck with growing up in Annapolis Royal, Pettawawa or Saskatoon.

Here in Sin City the selection is somewhat better. Just about any sex shop in town will carry *Femme Mimics*, *Transvestite Key Club*, *Bangkok Ladyboys*, or any number of similar glossy photo mags.

They have two basic formats. Expect either lots of photos of TVs and she-males fucking and sucking one another and maybe dressing up some sailorboy, plus lots of ads and personals; or else photos from burlesque shows or pageants, plus lots of ads and personals.

I find both types of mag lame-assed and repetitive. Unfortunately they are the only ones I've come across. You should expect to pay $15-$20 a shot.

In a slightly higher price bracket ($20-$30) are "magazines" like *Slave Piercing*, brought out by Spartacus. These often have pretty sexy cover art and sport blurbs like, *MEN FORCED TO BECOME LADIES BY BIZARRE METHODS*, but I rarely find them worth the price.

They tend to contain more ads than anything else and the stories they do have are formulaic and organised around what a good slave Sissy has been since I bought the new... If you want a catalogue you might as well buy a catalogue, right? As for porn, there are cheaper alternatives available.

Things I like

I like *TV Connection* for a couple of reasons. Unlike most of the American magazines already mentioned, a large portion of the personals it runs are from Canada, so of use to us.

Also it's more than just a joy rag, featuring beauty tips, news from different parts of the transgendered community and listings of educational, support and social organisations for cross-dressers, TVs, TSs & our friends. Also the magazine is fairly cheap at $10.

As for the stories, they are run as serials, with two or three different stories in each issue. In the past they've run imposed transformation stories, infantilism stories, even a supportive coming out story, which was, sad to say, rather whiny and boring. Anyway, TV Connection is worth a look. It's published six times a year and Videomag Plus (1243 Bleury) carries it.

You might also want to check out *La Jarretelle/The Garter Press*, a local zine for TVs and TSs. Similar to TV Connection in its balance of serials, editorials, and personals, La Jarratelle, distinguishes itself by being the only bilingual TV/TS zine around.

This one is low budget, the layout is quite rough and publication occurs sporadically, but the publisher is tied into the local scene and is attempting to serve the community. The last issue was available at $8, but the Press has raised the cover price twice in the last year.

Postage and handling

These days lots of publishing houses are producing TV/TS oriented fiction. I'll only mention three that I take to be representative of the field.

Star Distributers, *She-Males* and *Transvestite Tales* series are seriously awful. Completely without imagination with some of the worst writing I've ever seen, these books sell only because people assume they can't get anything better. If your kick is ten page bouts of Uhhhhhhhh... yesssssss... ohhhhhh, then maybe Star has what you want.

Even then Star is unreliable. On more than one occassion I've picked up a book in their *She-Males* series only to discover that, in spite of external indicators such as title, cover illustration, series title, the book doesn't deal with transsexual desire at all, but some related pleasure, such as bondage or watersports. Most sex shops carry Star's titles.

The *Satin Ribbon Fiction* series and the *Crossdressers Fiction* series, brought out by Echo Productions, tend to be better. Though not high literature, they can be counted on for relatively straightforward plotlines, some hot sex and transformation scenes, and some sexy cartoon work.

You might occassionally stumble upon Echo products in the sex shops around the Village, but you will pay less if you buy directly from Echo. For a catalogue you can write to Echo Productions, PO Box 369, Thompson, Pa 18465. With postage and handling you'll pay around $7 a book, as opposed to the $10 plus tax you'd pay in a Montreal shop.

The Reluctant Press represents the State of the Art in TV/TS publishing. Bringing out books at a prodigious rate, editor Elizabeth Ann Nelson is also pushing at the traditional boudaries of pornographic genre. Everything Reluctant Press brings out is erotica, but much of it is also fantasy, or science fiction, or western, or historical romance. The writing is generally (if not uniformly) quite good, and the stories are very hot.

I haven't seen any Reluctant Press books on sale in Montréal but you can write for a catalogue, at PO Box 11936, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, Va 22312. Reluctant Press' books are comparable in price to Echo Production's.

Then there are the classics, all two of them. *Gynecocracy*, was reissued as *The Adventures of Julian Robinson* by The Grove Press (196 West Houston Street, New York, 10014) in 1971. This tale of a young man sent to a girl's school and put under petticoat rule is quite funny, very sexy and much better written than most of what is produced today. You can probably find it at Coles if it hasn't gone out of print.

Its companion volume, *Little Miss High Heels*, has, unfortunately, not been picked up by Grove and so remains lost to all but a few dedicated collectors. I'd love to lay hands on a copy myself.

One last thing — keep your eyes open. Stories and images of gender bending and sex change are everywhere. I was browsing through the stacks at Nebula bookstore when my eye settled upon a display of Japanese comic books. One of these you might find interesting:

Ranma 1/2 revolves around the misadventures of Ranma Saotome, "an expert 16-year-old martial artist who just happens to turn into an incredably cute red-headed girl when doused with cold water, returning to male form when doused with hot water" (ProtoCulture Addicts 12, p.15). The book combines silly martial arts, adolescent romance, and genderbending in a most unconventional, but humourous and erotic, fashion.

Obviously this is only a partial listing of what's available to the TV/TS reader. As I said there are numerous porn publishing houses in the States, though little seems to be happening in Canada at this time. Most of these houses are eager for story ideas so if you're inclined to write as well as read you should drop one a line.

Searching for sex toys

by the Righteous Daily Sisters

One of the most conspicuous features of the Montréal landscape is the Boutique Erotique, or sex shop. We've seen 'em around, passed by them and wondered about them. But for most of us, actually venturing in was another matter.

Sex shops seem to turn women into quivering masses of fear. But actually going in can be a demystifying experience. And you might just find that little item you have always longed to have beside your bed.

So we ventured in, poking through the merchandise at various retail outlets catering to those with pleasure on their minds. Browsing through the pornos, sizing the dildos, the works. We examined everything from the gay positive Priape to the dingy Super Sexe Ultra Mag.

First of all, the impression that these are hostile places filled with vaaary scaaary men is as far as we can tell, wrong. You want threatening, girls, try Gerts on Friday Night.

Don't worry about the salesmen, either. They're as threatening as your local shoe salesman at Woolworth's. And the men seem to fear you more than you fear them. Watch them make a direct beeline out of your way. What power!

For the most part the straightish sex shops all have the same products and they are all very expensive. Regardless of who a product seems to be destined for, they all seem to be marketed for men. Even the vibrators and strap-on dildos are adorned with pictures of women in arched back, sex-pretzel, "yes, I always play twister in the buff" positions. But a lot of these products can reapproriated into a woman positive way. Hey, lesbians made dildos famous, right?

Erotim — 723 Mont Royal and various other locations

Far from a sex warehouse, this seems the erotic equivalent to the corner dep, a friendly neighbourhood sex shop, if you will. And small it was, barely enough room for the Johnny Boy love-doll and the requisite videos.

Ringed by a fairly pathetic assortment of "jack-off" and "peter-licker" lotions and of course "man power" pills, the central display had an selection of dildos and vibrators (note for the christmas shopping list: batteries included), including one which advertised as the first with pubic hair.

All the packages were dusty and had already been opened many times. Yuck. The videos catered to the voyeuristic male, and were the most expensively made products in the store. There were cum videos, ones for men who like being dominated, anal sex ("Ass Masters"), and (our personal favorite) "Amateur Lesbians", who unlike Professional Lesbians probably weren't paid for their work. Besides amateur lesbians might not be as threatening to the male audiences.

We then set off to Sexe Plus (211 Ste. Catherine E.)

Disappointingly however, both **Sexe Plus**, and **Super Sexe Ultra Mag** carried almost the exact same products as Erotim, with the addition of cello-sealed magazines (wrapped to prevent browsing). The same veiny dildos, the same old and gungy lotions and joke presents, the same hideous fluorescent lighting.

While Sexe-Plus promised exciting lingerie, it carried a few tired looking robes and merry widows, as well as some feather boas (presumably for those seeking the sexual excitement of an allergy attack).

The one note of humour in these shops was the "Oriental Love Ring". With a one inch clip advertised as "fitting comfortably around the man," it carried a warning that the Love Ring should not be used if the user was suffering from "unexplained calf pain". We're still trying to figure that one out.

While **Sex Shop Vibrations** (1811 Ste. Catherine O.) and **Boutique de Sexe Cité** suffered from the problems of bad lighting and a clientele of very quiet fifty-something business men, they carried a wider variety of products, some of which bear mentioning.

Sexe Cité had a wide variety of gay and bisexual (male) books, videos and magazines, more prominently displayed than other stores. Both stores carried condoms, both "safe" and novelty, as well as a wider variety of lotions, cards and underwear. Also, Sexe Cité provided a refreshing note of irony with their "executive" dildo. While others had promised 18 inches of pure throbbing manhood, the "executive" more modestly displayed 5 inches. We're still not sure if this is a joke or not.

If you're into buying a good vibrator that just won't quit, don't buy those shitty battery operated ones. They just don't do the job and might just short out at that crucial moment. Get one that plugs in — Hitachi Magic Wand is the best.

As for the porn selection, well, it consists mainly of close up penetration shots and have the sorriest story lines you could ever imagine. Some of the puns were really bad. (Bonfire of the *Panties?!!)* Most sex shops only sell videos but you can rent them at almost any video store.

Don't be afraid to venture into the backroom. It sometimes helps to bring a friend. Rent one, with a cover that doesn't make you gag. You might be totally disgusted or it might just be really hot. You don't know until you try.

For those of you just into the basics, Montréal has two condom specialty shops in the downtown area. **Le Cadeau d'Amour** (1433A rue Bishop) has a variety of "motif" condoms, bath oils and scents, condom jewelry and "better sex" books. For the more playful they also sell sexual board games. Most of the stuff is again overpriced and bourgie. Generally, the store caters to the present-shopping crowd and even does gift wrapping.

By far the most classy is **Priape**, deep in the Gay Village. With rotating display units for the fetish crowd, and dark walls kissed by tracklighting, it has a wide variety of condoms, gay mags and books that you can actually touch and read, and the requisite dildos from hell (some of these things are missile sized).

The only problem with Priape is that it seems to assume all women enter the store by accident. Unless escorted by a man, the charming shop attendants tend to act like they fear you may scream or call the het police at any moment. Several friends of mine were surprised that you could even go in if you have a vulva, which is kinda too bad.

There were, however, some dismaying surprises for us sex shop virgins. The first was the total lack of any other sexual body type beside the woman with teased hair, bad blue eye-liner, and a dieted to death body lacking any pubic hair, or in fact body hair at all. The "lesbian" videos were displayed with the het ones, without the separation such as the shops gave the gay, bi, transvestive/transsexual, and domination films.

The second was the amazing amount of racism in the blow-up dolls and videos gay and straight. Sample titles included *Black Cherry (It's a Jungle in There)* and *Disoriented — Two Wongs make a White.* Black men were consistently portrayed as having huge dicks which they use to fuck little white women, and Asian women were geishas, trained in the "mystic erotic arts of the Orient".

Do-it-yourself sex toys

So ya wanna play, do ya? But you just can't afford that tiny pair of over-priced sateen crotchless panties and that artificial chocolate lotion? Have no fear, sexually aroused one, there are cheap alternatives around just for the sex-goddess on a budget.

1. Know a man (or are you a man) who wants the feel of nylon close to his goodies? You don't have to buy a pair of ugly Man-t-hose (retail $10.95). Instead, buy a pair of Queen-size or Tall nylons and sew in a toilet paper tube. (I swear, this works, but the nylons have to be sturdy).

2. Those satiny robes work for some, and they can be had for cheaper in Chinatown (just ignore the annoying dragon on the back).

3. We know how effective vegetables can be, but they must be used properly. For God's sake, don't take your Friday night companion out of the fridge crisper right before your date; let it warm up first. And remember, toxic chemicals abound in their skins, so wash carefully or dress them in the condom of your choice.

4. Massage cream that tastes good doesn't have to cost $30. Any vegetable based cream, such as cucumber, carrot or Vitamin E, will work as well. For added flavour, mix in a teaspoon of Almond or Vanilla extract.

5. Similarly, that Honey dusting powder is icing sugar and cornstarch (read the ingredients if you don't believe us). Try different blends, but remember to keep the sugar content lower than the cornstarch. That way you won't stick.

6. For a cheaper massage lotion, try some Knox gelatin mixed with a little water and some syrup. That promise of heat when you blow on it is due to alcohol, so mix in a little vodka or gin as well.

7. Edible underwear can be made in the comfort of your own living room using fruit leather and shoestring licorice. Unfortunately, the over-processed leather works better, as it is not so textured.

8. Tiger-balm is fairly cheap, and is also good for those having sex while sick with a bad head-cold.

Finally, remember this: just because you're in the store doesn't mean you have to buy something. You can have a lot more fun for cheap if you get inventive and/or desperate enough.

Decriminalising the sex trade

by Simona Chiose

Walking past the corner of Jarvis and Carlton Streets on any blustery night, the otherwise suburban and sedate area is patrolled by several prostitutes hoping for dates. That and the silent wheels of police cars watching "the girls". Or perhaps the odd plain-clothes officer, doing their job, checking to see if any of the women on the corner would respond with a price to an offer of a casual encounter.

"Sure we hassle them. We have our complaints from residents," said Terry Wark, a detective with the Toronto Metro Police's Morality division. "'Darling,' I say to them, 'I have a job to do.' If a cop doesn't stop and investigate, he's not doing his job."

Doing the "job" means seeing if any of the laws associated with prostitution are being broken.

Soliciting, living off the avails of prostitution, or operating a bawdy house are illegal. But the selling sex itself is not.

Prostitutes argue this paradoxical legal limbo not only leaves them vulnerable to abuse from clients, but criminalises a legitimate business as well as their personal lives. Some prostitutes argue these laws reflect the stigma attached to selling your body as well the fear of women who have control over their sexuality.

"Girls coming from a bar throw me looks or say something offensive to me. I sometimes tell them 'all you have is a guy buying you a drink and you fuck him for free,'" said Anastasia, a part-time outreach worker at Maggie's, a drop-in and community centre for Toronto prostitutes, and a sex trade worker herself.

Many prostitutes claim that those who look down on their lives have no understanding of the choices available to sex trade workers.

"You can always have a choice, you can choose to live on a welfare program, or work at McDonald's or you could choose to suck cock — the problem is a lot of women don't have a lot of choices," said Gwendolyn, a former sex trade worker, Maggie's outreach worker and artist. "When you want to stop prostitution, you may be closing off a woman's only chance at getting out."

Expect violence

Over lunch at a restaurant in Toronto's east end, several other workers in the business echoed Gwendolyn's point of view. Pauline, a sex trade worker who has been working for two years after holding a variety of office and service jobs, said she has struggled through the initial blow to her self-esteem.

"People say prostitutes have low self-esteem but it's the opposite, you have to have high self-esteem to survive in this business," said Pauline.

This image is a far cry from the stereotypical street walker whose earnings go to support someone else, or to a drug habit.

According to Mary Ford, a Parkdale resident protesting prostitution in the area, the "invasion" of prostitutes from other parts of the city brought drug pushers and crime to what she said was previously a residential district.

But sex trade workers argue that they are being forced on to the streets by the law which prohibits the operation of a bawdy house and bylaws linking prostitution with crime.

"Women who work on the street would much rather work indoors. We have to hide our lives," said Pauline, a sex trade worker.

Working on the street under the current system can have life-threatening implications. The criminal justice system leaves prostitutes with little recourse when they are abused. Laws attempting to "protect" prostitutes end up denying them control over their sexuality.

Sex trade workers are at an immense risk of abuse not only by a bad date, but also by the the justice system. In 1986, a California judge declared in a gang rape trial that "prostitutes can't get raped" and dropped charges against several of the alleged assailants.

"Part of the understanding of being in this business is you have to do jail time, even though you're not a criminal," said Anastasia. "You have to expect violence."

Just a whore

Though many prostitutes are confident they can spot a possibly dangerous client, when an assault happens they often do not turn to the police for help.

Gwendolyn, a former sex trade worker and advocate.

"Girls are always told that if they pick up a bad date they should report it. Just because she's a prostitute I'm not going to say she's a 'dirty whore'," said Wark. "I'd treat her like any other person. The problem is that she's not credible in court."

Many prostitutes are not willing to spend the time in court or will not show up for court appointments.

"Many prostitutes fail to appear in court and that may be why the cops are reluctant to pursue a case, they think, 'I'm going to put all this work and nothing will come out of it," said Valerie Scott, spokesperson for the Canadian Organisation for the Rights of Prostitutes.

"When a prostitute does report an assault, she may have to serve her outstanding charges, sometimes originally stemming from a police sting operation."

The hard-won sense of self-confidence that many prostitutes develop as a survival strategy is the first line of defense, replacing an effective legal system. Maggie's publishes a weekly "Bad Trick Sheet" listing incidents ranging from scams to gang rape.

"We had to start the Bad Trick Sheet to protect ourselves," said Gwendolyn. "Some cops will try but the majority won't. They say, 'She's just a whore.'"

Criminal relationships

Sex trade workers also have to face another kind of abuse at the hands of the criminal system: assault by a police officer.

As documented in Maggie's submission to the Police Services Board, in one case a prostitute facing charges alleged she was assaulted following the arrest. Refusing to answer when asked the officer's name in court she said, "I don't want to tell you, sir, because I know that if I do you're going to give me time. Maybe if I don't tell you you'll let me walk." The judge told her he did not want to see her in court again.

Prostitutes allege that, as with reports of unwarranted police violence against them, the 'pimping law' reflects the legal system's criminalisation of all aspects of prostitutes' lives.

Under the law, judges assume a prostitute's relationship is one of pimping unless proven otherwise, despite the usual assumption of innocence until proven guilt. (The law has been upheld by the Supreme Court of Canada.)

Wark said the law's assumption strikes the right chord with him. "I don't know what kind of relationship it is if some guy is sitting there and sending her out for tricks."

But Scott said the law amounts to a "criminalisation of all our relationships".

"The attitude behind the law is that no one would be with a prostitute because they love them, but because they want to exploit them," said Ryan.

But pimps do exist in the prostitution business and can prey on the women's vulnerability.

"What happens when a woman first starts working is a self-ostracisation. She doesn't want her parents to know and she doesn't want her friends to know, so she hides and she loses both family and friends," said Scott.

"She has to deal with the good girl/bad girl shit and if she can't handle it when a guy comes along she goes along with it. Humans are all tribal, they need acceptance even if you have to pay for it."

— Toronto, CUP

"I WANT TO DIE A DRAG QUEEN"

by Kate Rigg

"I'm a frustrated wanna-be-chunky-sex kitten," says Audacity and settles down for an interview. Previously known as Tammy Piles in Adelaide, and Tammy Tampax in Sydney, Audacity and her dance troupe Damaged Goods are hitting the Melbourne drag scene in a major way.

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT DRAG flourishes in communities which demand a strict adherence to rigidly defined sex roles. Australia's drag scene is certainly a case in point. There are not a lot of gay venues in Melbourne, and if you go out, you're bound to see drag queens in the crowd. And more often than not, there's a drag show incorporated into the evening's entertainment.

In the straight community, there isn't much distinction between being a "poof" (fag) and being an "it" (drag). And within the drag category straights make no distinction between transvestites, transsexuals, female impersonators and drag queens.

Audacity is giving people something else to think about in approaching the politics of re-presenting the feminine.With a combination of highly stylised costumes and sharp articulated dance moves, Damaged Goods has won the second season of Doreen's Damaged Discs, a city-wide talent quest for drag acts held at the downtown mixed club, 3 Faces. She is currently aiming to secure regular weekly appearances doing high energy renditions of dance music, representing a departure from the traditional "show-girl" tits-and-feathers look of drag.

A greater concentration on dance is not the only thing that sets Audacity apart from the rest of Melbourne's drag acts. The fact is, Audacity is a 26 year old real woman. She gets up on stage, mimes the words and shakes her booty with the rest of them, squeezing herself into a subculture previously reserved for men in glamorous gowns.

Reactions to drag range from amusement to embarrassment to outrage and although it's centuries old, people still don't know how to react to the genderfuck phenomenon of men with beards wearing frocks. Amidst the reputed misogyny, misrepre- sentation of women and of gay men, as well as the exclusivity of drag culture, Audacity at once stands out, but is curiously accepted as "one of the girls" on the scene.

So how did you first get involved in the drag scene?

The first drag queen I ever saw was Danny La Rue when I was 12. And that's when I knew I wanted to be a drag queen. I thought "I want to dress like her!" Of course I didn't realise that I was already going to be a woman! Times are tough, hey, I've been hanging around drag queens since I was 19 years old.

I first got involved in the gay scene when I was going to college in Adelaide, and I went to this little club and I just fell in love with the show and just went "WOOOOW! Why can't I have a husband like that? What great legs! And I thought, yeah, this is where I want to be, and I just went back every week. I was not a fag hag so much as a drag hag.

Then about three or four weeks into the scene, the compere in Adelaide, Maggie, announced a talent quest called "Search for a Tragedy" and I thought, I can be this! I am a tragedy! So I did that and kept on doing it until I won.

The other reason too is that because I'm a big girl I had a lot of problems at straight places. If I did go to them I got spat at, I got abused (verbally). Straight men don't like big girls who wear a lot of make-up and who are loud and who can hold a conversation.

How does the gay community react to you doing drag shows, being a woman?

When I first came to Melbourne I was something like 18 and a half stone (260 pounds). And I had a hot pants suit on and did Kylie Minogue's "Step Back In Time" and they just squealed for it. They loved it. And then I did Betty Boo and they'd never seen anyone actually mime a full rap before so it was a big novelty.

Now if you really want to look at it, there's still some real discrimination but it's not from gay people as such, but more from drag queens who can be very sexist and threatened by the fact that you're moving into their territory where shows are concerned. But the best thing that ever happened to me was moving to Melbourne, to the Melbourne gay scene.

How do you think the rest of the gay community views drag queens?

Mixed reactions. You get some people like myself who are devoted drag followers, and would go to see any show anywhere. There are others who simply loathe drag shows and drag queens. Not so much because they don't like women, but because they don't like female impersonators, they don't see it as talented.

A lot of people say that drag is anti-women or mocks women. How would you respond to that?

It's a very individual thing. Most of the time you find drag imitating women — where the imitation is the greatest form of flattery. Most of the time they're trying to be other people. It's a compliment more than anything else.

For instance, you see a lot of the "Ann Margaret" — the "swinger" look. It depends on what they do and how it is meant. Sometimes it's a send-up. Most of the time I don't see it as an insult at all.

What about terms like "scrubber" used in the shows to designate women?

That's all a part of the lingo. There's a lingo and there's also an international drag queen language called Pelari. It just means that if you're a Swedish drag queen you can speak to a Pakistani drag queen.

As for "scrubbers", to me it's a pet name. Same as fag hag, some people get offended by that. Fag hag to me, and actually in the Slang Dictionary too, is "a straight woman who seeks the company of gay men." And that's how I read it.

But scrubber, crow, fruit fly, grommit, to me they're all terms of affection. And as for me I just turn around and say "Listen fag, or poof, or queer, or queen, or mincing girlie in a frock," all of that... it's just the same.

Do you have any serous pretensions to actually becoming a drag queen?

I wish! I wish I could be a drag queen! But no, it's not going to happen. Not unless the doctors give me an addadicktome. In Adelaide I actually went to my doctor and told him I wanted a dick so I could be a drag queen, and he just looked at me very funny and I think he had that men-in-white-coats-are-coming-to-get-you look in his eyes, but yeah, I took it quite seriously.

I thought the only way you couldn't get discriminated against by other show girls would be that. I'd also have a great set of tits and a dick. And I'd achieve DRAG. Real drag. But now that's not so important. I'm a performer first, drag queen second. I've done what I've set out to do.

What do you hope to be doing five years from now?

I'd like to go back and study drama and dance in a college context. But when I talked to Barbara last week (Barbara Quicksand, another drag celebrity who went to the Victorian College of the Arts) and she said "oh, who wants to do all that when you can put on a frock and do this! Wooow! Who wants to do intermediate ballet class when they can go WHOOSH I'm a drag queen!"

— University of Melbourne

DRAG QUEENS: CONFUSING THE RAPIST

"Thank God for drag queens."

Mado Lamotte shares this sentiment with many other drag queens, not the least of which is the famous Madame Simone. Mado is a familiar face to the patrons of Lézard. She's the one with the bright red hair and the silver whistle, and she can sell a lot of drinks.

"The only people who dress for fun anymore are drag queens," said Mado.

This is one of many comebacks Mado and others give to the rising number of critics who say that drag is misogynyst and homophobic.

The people who are against drag as an institution tend not to be real. They are theorists and book writers. Aside from your everyday run-of-the-mill bigots who just hate everything, it's hard to find anyone who thinks drag is harmful to women or gays and lesbians.

The argument that drag is bad for women goes like this: Drag colludes with myths about the feminine. According to The Encyclopedia of Homosexuality, drag is "conservative and apologetic," because it panders to traditional gender roles. A man acts like a woman when he is in drag, but who is the woman he's playing? She's what feminists have been fighting against, the fantasy of the straight man.

"Drag is the essence of misogyny," writes Wayne Dynes, editor of the encyclopedia. "It creates its own 'women' out of men, and shrills 'we don't need you'."

According to Dynes, drag is equally bad for gays and lesbians, because the gender roles it enacts are those of the straight world. "Drag 'feminises' men only to the degree required to rehabilitate heterosexuality as the dominant form of sexuality. It does this by culturally centering homosexuality in the masculine/feminine binary," reads the encyclopedia. "There is nothing revolutionary about drag."

But the defenders of drag — real drag queens — would beg to differ.

"I think some puritans exaggerate things," said Mado. "In society, I think having drag queens helps, at least to understand marginality."

Holes in theory

In an ideal world there might be reasons to disapprove of drag. Then again, drag might not even exist. But for now, there are so many more obvious, more offensive manifestations of sexism and homophobia, that going after drag as a contributor to these evils is just a little suspect.

So instead of making excuses for their supposed collusion, drag queens laugh in the face of petty criticism. One must admit, it is a little contrived to accuse man in a teddy of imposing sexual and intellectual restrictions on society.

"Right now, there's a very conventional message in the media," said Mado. "We're told not to drink, to wear condoms, to have a perfect body, to be straight. But drag defies convention, it offers an alternative."

Another Lézard favorite, Kitty, thinks drag actually makes a positive contribution to feminism. "I've come to the conclusion that drag queens are actually helping feminists precisely because we portray the ugly side, well, the supposedly 'glamorous' side of being a woman," she said.

"It's usually a stereotypical woman that the drag queen portrays, you know, the big breasts, the long eyelashes. If more people were introduced to this, there would probably be less violence towards women. It puts another perspective on the feminine. It totally turns it upside down. It confuses the rapist."

Drag certainly plays with images from mass culture. The shows usually mimic pop mainstays such as talk shows and the Royal Family. The circus is Lézard's latest send-up. Situations are displaced from their original context and reinterpreted as camp in the drag show.

Some critics take the drag show at face value, and claim it is merely the same old "entertainment", just put on by gay men instead of anyone else. But this just doesn't gel with the reality of the drag performance.

For instance, Mado explains that not only do drag shows not resemble anything that appears on Entertainment Tonight, they in fact shed new light on it. "I know some people don't like it, but I think it's obvious I don't do it to make fun of women or gay people. I make fun of tackiness, of kitsch. It's the change that people appreciate."

TONY REVOY

Another hole in theory critical of drag is exposed with a look at what happens today in drag. It's not just beautiful ladies in sequins and heels anymore. "I like to explore other characters than just the sexy beautiful woman," said Kitty. "Sometimes I'll do an overweight woman, or sometimes I'll do a little girl. It's not always a sexual thing."

Drag's emphasis on appearance is a sore point with feminist critics because it is said to reinforce a "woman as pretty thing" attitude. The emphasis on looks still exists — it defines drag — but the look itself has changed drastically.

Like many drag queens today, Madame Simone usually portrays characters far from what you saw in La Cage au Folles. Her incarnation this Tuesday was astounding. She was a haggard women in a hideous mask, wearing a torn dress which exposed droopy breasts to which pained-looking babies clung. Not exactly Judy Garland.

Overcoming sex roles

Some gay activists reject drag for the same reasons feminist critics do. They are angry at the supposed implication of all gay people in the perceived misogyny of drag queens. Madame Simone had something to say to this.

"I don't want anyone transposing their own scenario on me. If people were fully realised, they would understand that all we are doing is only a game."

Madame Simone said she works for the future ("I go in the avant garde!") by doing what she does. "Sexuality is like race. I don't like to talk about races, I don't believe they exist. It's not by creating classes and sub-classes that you become equal."

She sees a need for drag as a means of overcoming socially imposed sex roles. "Cross-gender dressing will make both parts of our society realise how superficial it is to cross those lines, and question why we've established them. Change brings change. If men stay in their pants, and women stay in their skirts, we are not going to see any change."

Both Mado and Kitty said they have experienced homophobia from all sides while in drag. "Straight men who can't address their fantasies of sleeping with other men find it easier to approach me. They come on to me all the time," said Mado.

According to Kitty, "The homophobia is there. There are some gay people who don't accept men who dress up like women. They still have this feeling that it's not macho, that it's not correct."

Madame Simone interprets homophobia as fear, pure and simple. "Some gay men react to me badly at first, but it usually doesn't last for very long," she said.

Another criticism from the gay community is that drag conforms to straight ideas about sex, as well as gender roles. Drag is seen as being structured in the same way as straight porn — playing out the fantasies of straight men ("You're the boy, I'll be the girl").

But clearly, this isn't true, at least not all the time.

Kitty dismissed this argument with a response which turns up all over the place when drag queens are forced to defend themselves: "No matter what you say to people, someone is always going to find something wrong with you. I'm doing it to expand my mind and my career. IT'S FUN! Their reasons are not legitimate so I just don't pay attention to them."

In an ideal world there probably would be no drag. It would serve no purpose whatsoever. But for now, drag queens will continue to defend themselves by pointing out the obvious: People love drag. And for now, at least, it's hard to say they're doing any harm.

by Kate Stewart

true confessions

MASTURBATIONATHON

I was at home alone, watching soap operas, bored. Time for masturbation. I got onto my bed and started to undress, turning on my vibrator to hear the humm of a familiar friend. But I wasn't turned on yet.

I reached over to the bookcase and took out some of my favourites, flipping through the ragged pages to the hottest fantasies. A woman being fucked by a stranger on the train, two women having sex in the forest, three women and a couple of dildos getting it on, or an orgy party with a multitude of couplings. I begin by carressing my breasts and gently rubbing the vibrator against my clit. It felt great.

But using two hands made it difficult to hold the book and it kept on falling down from its position propped up against the pillow. Time to switch to automatic pilot.

I closed my eyes and imagined that my bed was surrounded by women and men getting off on my fantastic masturbation technique. One man was stroking his long hard penis. Two women were fondling each other. A man and a woman were fucking. One man was sucking another man off.

I watched them as they watched me. I reached for my second vibrator and plugged it in. I slipped it into myself slowly, then moving it in and out faster and faster. The women and men around the bed pondered my dexterity.

I began to moan loudly as I came, which developed into a long scream of pleasure. I gently eased out the second vibrator, turned off the first one and took a deep breath. Time to have a little nap. And then do it all over again to a new fantasy. Thank goddess for lazy afternoons.

UPTIGHT VIRGIN SEX

When I got my first boyfriend, we began feeling each other up on the second date. Considering neither of us had even kissed anyone before, this brisk pace was rather breathtaking, and soon we had moved on to furtive nights in my parents' basement, but always stopping short of actual penetration.

After several months of presque-sex, we were sitting in the old wooden hot-tub in the back-yard and feeling very relaxed. We then went up to my room, and began rubbing each other's backs. Rolling on top of me, he put the head of his penis just inside me.

Okay, I thought, this has happened before, everything's cool, I'm in control. Through rolling around and rubbing, I began to feel really wet and slippery.

"Why don't you try coming inside me?" I said.

"Ummm, I think I already am," he gasped.

What? I thought. Where's the short burst of pain, the copiously gushing blood, the feeling of flowering womanhood? Being a teenage boy, he lasted approximately three microseconds, but it was still okay. Bland, but okay.

It was one of the first times that I felt in control of my life. I may not have been able to vote, buy a concealable hand-gun, or get the little shits in gym class to stop screaming "Eclipse" when I ran by, but I could fuck, and that was something.

FINALLY A FRATBOY

I'd always been really timid about sex. Never had boyfriend in highschool and started university a depressed virgin. During my first year things changed. I decided it was time to take things into my own hands and ventured out on a quest for that first precious penis.

It was an extremely cold Montréal night — the sky was dark, the wind blew hard and crisp. Two girlfriends and I had decided to make a midnight run to a nearby watering hole and down a few drinks before bed. It had been a really rough week at school, and we were all feeling strung out from papers and midterms.

The bar was crawling with people and it didn't take long before the "I think with my penis" types started making moves toward our table. On this particular night a group of three men decided to "privilege" our table with their presence.

Things started off in their usual desperate way. They bought a few pitchers, my friends acted coy and entertained their questions while I just sat and watched. The whole thing seemed so false and stupid — and they were even fratboys.

But then I noticed this one guy watching me. He was quiet, unlike his boisterous buddies, and seemed to be regarding the whole situation with as much cynicism as I. He was handsome in that anti-GQ kind of way and the evening suddenly became more interesting.

I considered my situation. I was frustrated, I wanted to fuck someone desperately, and here was someone, interested in me, and sitting right there across the table. So, he was a fratboy, but at least that meant he wouldn't be complicated and just get the job done.

I started talking to him and learned he was from out of town, up for the weekend to visit a friend. Great! I thought. I can fuck him, and then never have to see him again. No commitment, no seeing him on campus and wanting to shrink into the corner, no possiblity of future repurcussions should I perform badly. Perfect.

Our friends were getting increasingly drunk and increasingly annoying, so the two of us decided to split. We ran outside into the cold air, but instead of feeling oppressed by the cold, I felt invigorated as my lungs filled with fresh air. We ran down the street, hand in hand, in mutual understanding of what the night would lead to.

When we got back to my room it was as if we'd spent hours meticulously planning every detail — yet I didn't even know the stranger's name. We took hold of each other, turned off the lights, and proceeded with undressing each other with a passion only felt when adventuring into the unknown.

I never saw him again after he left that morning, but we did exchange names. He knew it was my first time and he had made sure it was good. I felt empowered, having taken the initiative and having got what I wanted. I also learned something else that night — some fratboys can be good for something after all.

Backstreet voyeur

I was walking down St-Laurent on a Friday night. It was late and I was a little worried about walking home alone. I kept on looking behind me and into alley ways in fear.

When I had walked for about ten minutes and was drenched in sweat, I stopped and stepped into an alleyway. There were two women up against the wall, caressing each other. I knew I should continue to walk but this image seen from the corner of my eye induced a spontaneous hot flash between my legs.

I hid behind some boxes to watch guiltily. As one woman thrust her hand up her partner's skirt, I began to do the same. My clit was hard and I carressed it as I watched, matching the woman's movements with my own.

The woman pressed against the wall began to moan as my hand moved back and forth faster and faster. My orgasm was about to arrive as the women switched position. I bit into my scarf as I moaned loudly. My orgasm went on and on, the exhilaritating feeling humming through my entire body.

I finally lifted myself up on wobbly knees and continued to walk home. When I told my lover about the evening's events, she insisted that alley ways had always intrigued her and we really must try it some time.

Oh, God, the neighbours!

The second year of my university sentence, I lived in a one-bedroom apartment with my best friend.

One of us slept in the living room, one in the bedroom. During my stint in the living room, I reconciled with my ex-boyfriend, which proved to be something of a tactical problem, as my room-mate kept walking in on us, and as we lived in a building which faced another at close range.

One day, we slept in and began having sex in the late afternoon. It went on for about half an hour, and our passionate moans prevented us from noticing the sun going down. Nearing climax, I was sitting on top of him, when I happened to catch a movement out of the corner of my eye.

Turning around, I saw our neighbours, and their eight dinner guests, standing at the window. Horrified, I waved timidly. They waved back and smiled encouragingly at us. Needless to say, the mood was spoiled, and we sheepishly put on our clothes.

Decadence[2]

Cool thing sitting like a cutie
now you know you sure look pretty
(grinding, over there).
I'll be your slave
give you a shave.

Now that my loins are girded with this strap-on, all charged up and ready to fuck fuck fuck, now that we've established *who is Master*, now that you're dripping juice, sucky and pouting for Daddy to plug you up real good (one-two-one-two in-out-and-in-and-in), *O man!*

A ghostly finger greets my cunt, plunges to meet my sweet spot. Haunting tunes lick my ear — familiar duets played with forgotten partners? I'm tingling at the sudden influsion in the atmosphere of ghosts from my het history. I remember Enrique and Scott, and all the male energies that have passed through me, have used and infused me, and I can't help but think: we're still only "playing house".

An old-fashioned word touches my lips: lust. It introduced itself in my then-virginal vocabulary the first instant Swans descended to claim me. Gripping thrusts, maniacally methodical

La chaussée

Titre inspiré de *La nausée* de Jean-Paul Sartre
Chaussette en main, pied pendant, je m'arrête un instant pour choisir une chaussure à enfiler. J'en ai un petit harem, garées dans un placard, à l'abri des regards indiscrets.

Posée bien au centre, ses parties exposées, une d'entre elles me fait fait des avances. J'en suis troublé. Mon regard s'attardre sur ses formes lascives et lustrées. Sa chair noire luit au soleil. Sa carlinge profilée repose sur une semelle en delta, au nez arrondi, qui s'envole vers l'empennage et se pose sur un talon aux arêtes saillantes et aux courbes chastes, dont la projection esquisse un nouveau décollage vertigineux.

Son fuselage ébarbé, nu et hardi, s'ouvre sur le cockpit béant. Ma Réaction prématurée est d'y prendre mon pied, de pénétrer sans retard dans cette cabine, avec un long glissement légèrement freiné. Mais avant de l'aborder, il vaut mieux finir d'enduire mon membre de cette bâche prophylactique qui se trouve toujours tendue entre mes doigts.

Kitchen delights

When I was 18 I started masturbating regularly. But by 21 just rubbing my clit wasn't enough — I needed more.

One night while I was lying in bed, playing with my sex, I felt this great hunger welling up inside me. It was as if deep inside by abdomen my uterus was crying out for food. I thought about what to do. I turned off all the lights, lit some candels, and burned my favorite incense — spiced, not floral.

The pangs of hunger inside me grew deeper. I rubbed my crotch harder with one hand, and played with my pubic hair with the other. I pushed a finger inside me to find my vagina opened wider than I'd ever felt it before. My fingers were just not enough.

My mind started sifting wildly through everything in the apartment, searching for anything that would feed my womanly desires. At last an image emerged and I ran out of my room in pursuit of it.

I ran into the kitchen, my mind taken over by the need within me. Before I realized what I was doing, I was in the bathroom, getting a condom from the cupboard there and then rushed back to my room. I sat on the edge of my bed and ripped open the condom wrapper. Carefully I placed it over the tip of my firm prize from the kitchen.

I lay on my back and began once again to rub my crotch. I was wet with anticipation — the dampness spreading rapidly down my inner thighs. I took hold of my trophy and carefully slid it into my vagina, as far as it would go. Slowly at first, and then more rapidly I moved it in and out, the hunger inside of me sucking hard and feeding at last.

My other hand continued to play with clit and the tension inside me grew. My sex began to scream with delight, and I came longer and harder than ever before.

SEDUCTION STORIES

compiled by Carellin Brooks

The ways in which people seduce — or fail to seduce — each other are endlessly varied. The only common themes seem to be a liberal dose of alcohol — or, in some cases, herbal tea — and the fact that most seductions take place in the wee hours of the morning, when the participants have been worn down by exhaustion.

In honour of seduction, disastrous or successful, shocking or expected, tender or just plain bizarre, I called a random sample of my friends and asked them to tell me their most interesting seduction story.

I seduced "Rob" by telling him I hadn't been kissed in two and a half years and he had to kiss me. He was sleeping over in my bed at the time, but we were just friends.

I seduced my first girlfriend by going over to her place, drinking half a bottle of wine, then lying on her bed in a lace bodysuit, giggling. She sat down and said, "We have to talk." I said, "Talk about what?" Then I leaned over and kissed her, which I'd never done before. I was terrified. Fortunately she didn't notice how scared I was.

I ran into this woman in the supermarket that I'd seen at a lesbian meeting. I said, "I know you." She said, "I don't know you." Undaunted, I invited myself over to her house on the pretext of babysitting her kid.

That's where my part of the seduction ended and hers took over. She stayed out till 2h, and during the time she was gone I decided I wanted nothing to do with her after all. She, however, had been thinking of seducing the babysitter.

When she came home, she insisted I spend the night, so I slept on the couch. Three or four times she came out and invited me to join her in her bed, which I politely refused.

By the fourth time I gave in, followed her to her bedroom and proceeded to have the worst sex I've ever had. It was the only time I've ever faked orgasm and I only did it so she would quit trying and let me get some sleep.

I'd had sex with this woman once, but she was really noncommital afterwards, so I just assumed she didn't want to repeat the experience. We went out again and all night she was really polite, just talking politics, nothing personal whatsoever.

By this point I was really sure she wasn't interested, but I'd left my bag at her apartment, so I walked back to get it. I figured she wanted to get rid of me but didn't know how to tell me, so I quickly picked up my bag and said goodbye as I was walking out the door.

Then I heard this little voice: "You're not staying?" I turned around and she had this stricken expression on her face. Needless to say, I spent the night.

A friend of mine was over at this couple's house watching TV. Suddenly one of the women got up, went into the bedroom (without closing the door) and lay down on the bed. She pulled down her pants and then called into the living room, "Hey honey, come do me."

Her lover got up, went into the bedroom and proceeded to go down on her. My friend sat awkwardly, continuing to watch TV. "Would you like me to go?" she asked. "Oh no," they said. She watched TV for a few minutes as the moans from the bedroom escalated, and then picked up her coat and left.

Me and my friend "Jeremy", who have the same body shape but don't look alike at all, went out one night. He has a very easy time picking up people and I don't. Anyway, Jeremy picked up this guy by telling him that we were brothers, which the guy was totally interested in, and we both ended up having sex with him.

We were on the roof of my apartment complex. We'd been courting for a while, and things were getting to the point of, "When are we going to touch each other?"

We had blankets and pillows, it was summer, the clouds were moving across the sky, we were exhausted and should have gone to sleep. The sun was starting to come up, and we still hadn't touched each other. Finally, lying there, she said, "May I put my arm around you?"

We had known each other for three weeks, and she followed me home from a party. At 3h I invited her in for tea. We sat in the dark because her eyes were sore (she said) for an hour and a half, at which time I told her it was really hard to kiss her.

She said it was hard to kiss me because she was in love with me. Quite the shock for two people who were not officially dating. Then we discussed it for forty-five minutes. Exasperated, I finally told her to remove her gum, she did, and somehow, we managed to kiss.

By this time it was six in the morning. We went into the kitchen and started necking again. The next thing I knew I was lying on the floor. I had fainted and hit my head on the stove, which luckily gave her an excuse to spend the morning with me.

I'd known this guy for a month, and we saw each other every day for coffee. One night we ended up having a late coffee and finishing a bottle of amaretto.

We were completely plastered and I said, "I have something to tell you." He said, "I have something to tell you." "You first." "No, you." "Okay, I like you," he said. I said, "I like you too."

By this time it was 4h. We went into my room, he took off all his clothes and immediately fell asleep. Passed out. We actually did sleep together later, when we were both sober.

This really dykey woman I know was visiting a friend in another city. She was sitting in the living room, having a cup of tea. Her friend had a roommate whom this woman had hardly ever noticed.

Then the roomate came out of the bedroom wearing a complete set of lingerie — garter belt, bra, panties, the works. She went right up to my friend, sitting on the couch, sat down on her lap, and kissed her neck. The problem is, my friend doesn't go for feminine-looking women. She wasn't attracted at all.

My fantasy

Yeah, I have a fantasy. Yeah, it's like this: there's a woman, see, and we're in a boat, no, a spaceship, yeah! Well, we're in this spaceship and we're going to be the first couple to copulate in space! Yeah, and we're being watched by the whole world, kind of like Adam and Eve on Acid, yeah. Acid and television!

Well, Houston has provided us with all the basic condiments: mayonnaise, condoms, jelly rolls, dildoes, five-and-dime cockrings and... tuna fish, yeah... no, haddock!

So, we do it, we make love and have a 20-minute simultaneous orgasm perpetuated by the lack of oxygen, yeah, that's right, and get this: the whole population of planet Earth gets off on it! It's one big whack-off like the summer of love but bigger! Out of sight! We start a new chapter in history as the "First Sexual Space Heroes" and record a Christmas album which outsells *Frampton Comes Alive*. Funky!

Bathroom pleasures

I will now tell you a story about the most unusual thing. It happened one fine day, while I walked from that strange university in the centre of the ville toward my home, along Milton.

The day was a good one. I had a comfortable feeling all about my body.

I thought of nothing else but this comfort. It was a spring morning, and that was not unhelpful. These good feelings just washed over me, I tell you. It was finally becoming quite sunny.

All winter — you know how it is — the gloominess of it all just oppresses one. Compared to the spring, the winter walk is a sad thing: you trod along, heaving your boot out of the slush, ever so grimly.

Anyway.

I felt good.

The smells in the air were fascinating. Do trees have erotic smells? Do sidewalks? Do puddles?

I thought of my love-bunny, sleeping at home.

The way she unfolds her limbs when she wakes up, even before she has opened her eyes. Then, she yawns. It's funny. Perhaps the funniest thing about my fluffy-wuffy, though, is how she sleeps with a pillow on top of her head.

Of course, my thoughts turned to sex.

I kept walking.

I looked down at my crotch, as all men do when they have an erection, just to check if it wasn't too obvious.

I kept walking. The feelings became more stormy.

I was approaching Café Crac, on the corner of Parc. What fun, I thought — they have a bathroom. Which is where I went.

I opened my pants, and gave myself a bit of air. *That* felt good. After about a minute in there, a minute of delightful frivolity, the door behind me suddenly opened.

I hadn't locked the door!

As I turned, a man started walking in! He looked up at me, said, "Oh!— Sorry," and went away.

I stood there in shock. Did he see what I was doing? Will I be struck down by the Lord Almighty Herself? Will he tell the café owner, who will rush in with the police?

I was in shock.

Of course, it really wasn't so evil after all. But I didn't know that then. My only thoughts were: (1) gosh, I'm horny, and (2) will the patrons of the café say evil things to me as I emerge from the bathroom?

As I continued to masturbate, I pondered the sick, depraved mob waiting to humiliate me outside. Will they understand? Will they think I am hideous?

Finally, the fun activities were over.

I zipped everything up and stood facing the door. I opened it. A few uninterested-looking souls sat scattered through the café, reading or smoking. Of course, they were not masturbating. I lit up a cigarette and walked away from the place.

Must desire always constitute a lack? Aaaaaack!!

Virtual couple hasn't been the same since we entered into language. Seeking new subject positions, rupture, excess leading to shit, no, wait, I, we, mean, pleasure, slippage, jargon for fucking, no — separate pets will do. We will furnish cages.

One, with phallus, wanting sexy pirate type to castrate, to kiss. I like goth ingenues, hot TVs, as well as reel women. One, too hot to remain virtual, holds in equal contempt editorial board of *Ms.* and postfeminists, seeks one poised between feminité and feminism — eager to rewrite the body/cuddle on the couch watching Star Trek: The Next Generation.

Forces of nature

I do not feel like sharing my most exciting sexual experience with the *Daily*'s readers, but I will tell you about my sexual experience with the best special effects.

It was another baking hot summer day somewhere in South East Asia. I was there on a student development program. Poverty and colonialism rather than sex were dominating my thoughts at the time.

Still, in spite of my general preoccupation with The Struggle, I could not remain entirely unaffected by the gentle movement of the ocean, the palm trees, the white beaches, the sweat trickling between my breasts. The heat and pressure had been building over the last few days and tensions were high.

Some of us decided to go out for dinner rather than stick around waiting for a fight to start. While we were at the restaurant, the wind picked up, rattling the shack we were in. The owners rushed us through our meal and told us to get back to the dorm before the typhoon hit. Typhoon! Things were getting exciting.

Upon our return we found the group gathered in one room surrounded by candles and beer, and no-one seemed particularly inclined to rip anyone else to shreds anymore.

I was just thinking that Hollywood itself couldn't have constructed a more romantic evening when the young man beside me suggested we go up onto the roof to watch the typhoon roll in (our dormitory was on the seashore).

Understand this boy walked right out of central casting: blond, green eyed, six foot, broad shouldered, the works; he had been quoting poetry to me, between gulps of his beer, all night. Well, I thought, who am I to turn down the role of leading lady in a production like this? So we slipped away and climbed up to the roof.

It seemed perfect. The palm trees were being whipped around by the wind, a solid black mass was moving inexorably towards us across the ocean and there wasn't a soul in the world except for us.

The rain broke just as we started to kiss and fortunately, he was extremely skilled so I was able to concentrate on that rather than what an uncanny resemblance all this had to a scene in The Year of Living Dangerously.

Things were getting interesting when two problems arose. One, my condoms were in my room far below, and two, I'd just discovered that this guy had an excessively large cock, I mean excessively, and I didn't really want that thing inside me. But what's a woman to do when the forces of nature seem to be pushing events along to an oh so inevitable conclusion?

Lust and panic were sweeping over me in waves when suddenly the matter was taken out of my hands. I was saved by the sudden arrival of others come to watch the typhoon and was able to extract myself from the situation with a certain amount of aplomb.

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events

Today

The Latin American Awareness Group and the Centre for Cooperation with El Salvador sponsors Juanita Mendoza of the Rural Workers' National Union CTC, who will speak on the peace accord and it's implications on land reform. 3715 Peel St. at 18h00. For information call (514) 398-8546.

Explore opportunities to study at Bar-Ilan University in Israel. 1pm at Hillel House 3460 Stanley. For information call 845-9171.

The McGill Italian Student's Association presents *Mediterraneo*, a film directed by Gabriele Salvatores at the MISA lounge, Bronfman 634 at 2:30pm. Free for members, $1.00 for non-members.

The Anthropology Speaker's Series features Professor Roger Keesing speaking on "Radical Cultural Difference: Anthropology's Myth?" in Leacock 738 from 4:30 to 6:00pm.

NDP McGill special meeting on Women's issues. Union 425 at 4:00pm.

The McGill Player's Theatre presents "The Real Inspector Hound" by Tom Stoppard. The play runs from October 27th to November 7th with no shows on Sunday and Monday at the Union building 3rd floor. For information call Anthony Delli-Colli at 398-6813.

The Montréal chapter of the World Federalists of Canada presents Peter Globensky, director of programmes at the International Centre for Human Rights Democratic Development, discussing "Setting the world top rights: the United"

Peter Globensky will speak on Setting the World to Rights: The UN and the Challenge of Human Rights at the World Federalists of Canada (3415 Simpson) Today at 19h30.

Friday

A lecture on the history of Zorastianism: Zarathustra in 1300 BC is presented in the Meakins Theatre 5th floor McIntyre Building from 6:00 to 7:00pm. Refreshments will be served.

The McGill Christian Fellowship will have a worship meeting at 19h at the Presbyterian College. All welcome. 937-8616.

The Spanish and Latin American Students' Association (SALSA) and the Caribbean Students' Society invite you to a Halloween Masquerade Party tonight at 21h, Union B-09/10. Free for members.

McGill Caribbean Students' Society welcomes its members to a general meeting at 18h30 in Union rm. 7. Bill Harrison will speak.

The Yellow Door Coffee House presents Benoit LeBlanc with Jeremy Sivak and Bryan Thorburn. The door opens at 8pm. 3625 Aylmer St. Admission $2.00, refreshments 50 cents. For information call 398-6243.

Saturday

The International Relations Society hosts the International Forum in the Union Building, room 425/6. 12pm-2pm. The focus issue: The impact of the US election on international affairs. All welcome.

The annual Douglas Hall Hallowe'en party featuring *Wethermen Groove Tube*. Wear a costume to 3851 University St. at 9:00pm. $4.00 at the door.

The Rialto (5723 Parc) presents the **Mobsters, Revelation Zero, the Sherlocks and Darkening Mass** for Halloween. Festive and scary treats, films, games etc. 23h. All ages, $4. For info: 274-9650.

Jazz in the Alley. André White, Bill Goch, Dan Skakan and Tim Nolan. $3 with McGill ID, $5 without.

Concordia Open House welcomes all. J.W. McConnell Building, 1400 de Maisonneuve W. 10h to 16h.

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For more info. call the Residence Secretary at 398-6368 or come to Bishop Mountain Hall at 3935 University St.

SAFER SEX

If you lick clit or suck cock, play with sex toys, fist or finger fuck, or if you have sex at all in any way then you've got to open up to this info.

Why?

Sex in the nineties is risky business, no matter who you are. There are a variety of diseases and infections like herpes, syphilis, chlamydia and HIV that you can get while fucking. The effects of these diseases are wide-ranging, everything from severe itching to death.

Yet don't despair, there are ways to be sexual without putting yourself at risk. Fun ways, sexy ways, wild, hot, wet, wonderful ways. Safer sex can be part of anyone's life. It should be a part of your life.

So just what is safer sex? Well, it's a lot of things.

Fun and fantasy

Jennie took the glove and stretched it out. Looking up into her lover's eyes she says in a serious tone, "Scissors."

"Yes, Doctor." Sarah slaps the scissors into Jennie's open palm and takes the glove. Jennie cuts off the top of the glove, right near the fingers.

Handing over the scissors and taking the glove she says, "You may make the last cut."

Her voice husky, Sarah answers, "Yes, Doctor."

Jennie stretches the latex and Sarah slits the glove up the pinky side. Jennie takes the dam as Sarah brings forward the K-Y jelly and the jar of honey. She coats one side of the dam with the K-Y and she spreads Sarah's labia and stretches the dam across her vulva, lube side down. "Hold it in place!"

As Sarah holds the edges of the dam Jennie takes the honey and sends it spilling onto Sarah's latex-covered cunt. Shoving the jars away and removing her sterile doctor's mask, Jennie runs her hands along Sarah's body.

Holding the dam in place she presses her face into Sarah's mound, spreading the honey with her tongue and lips. Sarah moans, "Ohhh, Doctor..."

Sexy and seductive

He was stripping for her. Slowly as the music drove on in the background he was rolling his hips, unbuttoning one button at a time. The light silky hairs on his chest began to peek through as his fingers slid on to the next button.

As the music got faster he began to breathe harder. They were panting together as he turned his back to her and she saw his ass, firm and molded by his slacks, just waiting for her to reach out and slide her hand across.

She began to rub her legs together, the friction luscious to her cunt. He pulled his shirt from its tuck and as he turned he saw her with her hand between her thighs.

He was unzipping his pants slowly. The grind of the teeth against each other ripped through the air and the next song began. He turned around and bent over to remove his socks. The sweat glistened on his back. She was so heated.

He rose and as he did his pants slid to the floor. The music was pounding, beating into both of them. He moved his body, thrusting his pelvis. He jerked down his briefs and his cock stood to attention, bulging with his excitement.

"I want to fuck you," she said.

He tore open the condom package with a vicious rip of his teeth and began to roll it down over his cock, careful to make sure he got the air out of the tip first. She pulled him into her.

Talk and precautions

They sat in the waiting room surreptitiously giving each other little touches of encouragement and love. "What happens if the results aren't good?" asked Paul.

"Then we continue what we've always been doing," replied Nick.

"What if only one of us has it? I don't want to die and I don't know if I can help you, I don't know if I'm a strong enough person." Paul paused as a nurse called a name, not theirs, and then resumed. "Would you still love me if I got sick?"

"Yes, I'd still love you and I know you love me enough to be there for me, if we even got sick — a lot of people with HIV don't, you know. Besides, we don't even know the results yet so why are you worrying?" Nick said fondly, "We've talked about our histories and pasts and we've both practised safe sex for years now. We're going to spend our lives together, these tests are just to make sure nothing is wrong. And I'm sure nothing is."

Dr. Reed stepped into the waiting room and looked at them both. "Nick, Paul, could you please step into my office."

Paul clutched Nick's arm as they walked into the office and sat down. As Dr. Reed sat down Nick burst out, "So what are the results?"

"The results are all negative, but I have to tell you that these results are only valid for the time when the test was taken, you may have contracted something since and still can. For your best interests I must say that you still mustn't take risks with your health."

Wet, wild & wonderful

Susie stopped and rubbed her hands over Samantha's burning shoulders and buttocks, alternatively kneading, pinching and caressing the hot flesh. Sliding around her body he licked the sweat from her temple and trailed her tongue down to her lips. They kissed passionately, Samantha straining against the chains.

Susie checked the leather cuffs that encased Samantha's wrists and bent to check her boots, which were bolted to the floor, to make sure there was room for circulation in her feet. She slid her hands up Samantha's body and bit into her shoulder, hard enough to make her groan.

She picked up the riding crop and said, "I'm going to whip you again, and I want to hear how much you like it. Am I understood?"

Samantha nodded her head vigorously. Susie wrapped her hand in Samantha's hair and wrenched her head back. Samantha looked up into Susie's disapproving glare.

"How do you respond to a question from me?" Susie demanded. "Now, am I understood?"

Samantha's cheeks flushed and her breathing quickened as she answered, "Yes Mistress, I understand."

This is safer sex?

This may not sound like anything you've ever heard about safer sex, but it's important to realise that safer sex isn't just latex, it isn't just for gay men, and it isn't boring. No matter who you are or what you do, you can do it safely.

Hints & tips & suggestions for safer sex

You can contract the HIV virus by:

- Snatch snacking (whether she's on her period or not)
- Cocksucking (without a condom)
- Getting cum, blood, or vaginal secretions into contact with microscopic cuts (usually on your hands)
- Sharing unwashed sex toys (like dildoes & buttplugs)
- Unprotected rimming (licking the anus), because you get miscroscopic fecal matter containing blood and bacteria in your mouth
- Sharing needles (if you must, rinse them three times with bleach & then three times with water)

Dykes, did you know?

- You can make dental dams out of thinner gloves. Call your local medical supplier (you may have to buy in bulk).
- You can make a dental dam out of an unlubed condom by cutting off the top and bottom and slicing it up the side (make sure you have good sharp scissors, it makes the job much easier).
- There are dishwasher safe dildoes.

Gay men, did you know?

- Use lots of lubrication for anal sex (if you think it's too much, use more).
- A bit of lube inside condoms can increase the sensation.
- Anal fisting without gloves is very risky.

Straights, did you know?

- All of this applies to you too. It's not who you are, but what you do that puts you at risk.
- Some STDs are more prevalent in straight people.
- A woman who knows how to sodomise a man is truly an asset.

Hey, everybody!

- Massage, masturbation, exhibitionism, voyeurism, fantasy, rubbing or grinding against each other, planning and anticipation are all safe and sexy.
- Try telephone sex: talk dirty (not necessarily over the phone). If together, look deep into each other's eyes, pant, squirm, and let loose all your deepest fantasies, it might just bring you closer
- The sexiest thing you can do to someone is kiss them.
- Stupidity is not sexy!
- Safe sex is inventing your own pornography.

by Robin Hand

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Work Study student applications are available at the Student Aid Office on both campuses.

Applications should be returned to the Student Aid Office by:

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Ads may be placed through the Daily business office, Room B-17, Union Building, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students (with valid ID): $3.50 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, $2.50 per day. McGill Employees (with staff card) $4.50 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, $3.50 per day. All others: $5.00 per day, or $4.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. (Prices do not include applicable GST or PST). For more information, please visit our office in person or call 398-6790 – ***WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE.***

The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

1 - Housing

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3 - Help Wanted

Translator Wanted. Montreal computer company looking for a student to work part-time. Work consists of the translation of software manuals from English into German. The applicant must be fluent in German (written) and a working knowledge of word processors is required. For further information contact Angelo at 735-3219.

Teachers needed in British Columbia. For complete, and free, information send SASE to Nocturne Publications, "Teach in B.C." Box 343-MD, Station A, Montreal H3C 2S1.

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12 - Personal

A Good-looking guy, thirtyish looking for young, handsome guy, could be inexperienced, for good time together. Please send phone number and photo to: P.O. Box 662, Station R, Montreal, PQ, H2S 3L1.

I am looking for someone to help me with my Italian. If interested, please call 842-0593.

Man, 28 years old, French speaking student, looking for a romance with a girl. I like classical music, jazz and arts. Jean-Pierre, P.O. Box 182, Cartierville, Montreal H4K 2J5.

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14 - Notices

Attention all Ashbury Alumni at McGill and Concordia. Reception/Cocktail Party. Monday, Nov. 2, 1992 6-8 p.m. Shangri-la Hotel, 3407 Peel at Sherbrooke.

The Wastelands Review, a fiction and poetry mag, wants submissions! Send wild work to: Wastelands Review, c/o R. Mancuso, 3524 Hutchison #39, Mtl., PQ H2X 2H2.

Confused or Curious? LBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) is restarting peer counselling. Anyone interested in finding out about LBGM or has questions about their sexuality is welcome to drop by room 417, Shatner or call 398-6822. Hours are during lunch and 7 to 10, Monday through Saturday.

Want to Talk? LBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) sponsors two discussion groups at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer, above Milton. A coming out support group meets at 5:30, and a discussion group meets at 7:30. A great way to find out about yourself and others.

15 - Volunteers

Call for Editors. McGill Undergraduate Journal of History is looking for editorial staff for the 1992/93 edition. If interested, please leave name and phone # in History Department Office, Leacock 625.

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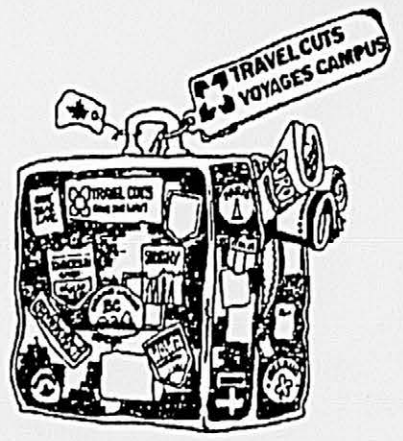

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